

# The First National Bank

OF CHICKASHA, OKLA.

Capital.....\$200,000.00  
Surplus.....\$ 60,000.00

We offer the services of a Bank that confines its business to the commercial interests of Chickasha and Grady county. Fifteen years of continued business enables the management of this Bank to be familiar with the local requirements.

Special Savings Department for those who like to set aside a little money to accumulate interest.

## DIRECTORS:

J. D. Sugg, J. H. Bond, R. Bond,  
E. B. Johnson, T. T. Johnson, Sam Davidson  
C. B. Campbell, T. H. Williams, Ben F. Johnson

## MARKETS

## Chickasha Grain Today.

No. 2 wheat .....\$ .98  
Oats ..... .89  
Corn, white ..... .75  
Corn, mixed ..... .73

## Chicago Grain Today.

WHEAT.  
Sept. open, 1.07 1-8-8; close, 1.06 7-8.  
Dec. open, 1.08 1-2-107 1-4; close, 1.07 3-8.  
May, open, 1.13 1-4-113; close, 1.12 1-4.

## CORN.

Sept. open, 74 3-4-1-4c; close, 74 1-4c.  
Dec. open, 63 7-8-3-4; close, 63 5-8c.  
May, open, 66 1-4-1-8c; close, 66 3-4c.

## OATS.

Sept. open, 39 3-4-1-2; close, 38 7-8c.  
Dec. open, 39 7-8-1-2c; close, 39 1-2-5-8c.  
May, open, 42 7-8c; close, 42 5-8c.

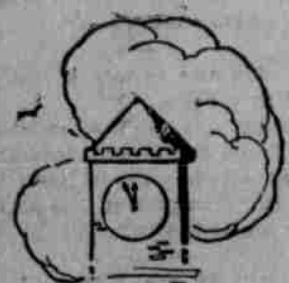
### Grady County Express 25 Cents a Year

This great offer is made for an indefinite period. We will send the Grady County Express for one full year, to subscribers in Grady county only, on receipt of only 25 cents. Think of it, the official county paper, rock-ribbed Democratic, with all the local, political and official news every week for 25 cents a year. Come running. Remit in coin to

GRADY COUNTY EXPRESS, Chickasha, Okla.

## HE WILL PLEAD GUILTY.

Sheriff Hodge Bailey has gone to Lindsay today, where he will meet and bring back one young Copenhagen to Chickasha. The young man is declared to have confessed to have stolen a horse from near Rush Springs recently. He was apprehended at Mayesville Saturday and declared his willingness to return and face the charge of stealing. He will be brought to Lindsay by the Garvin county sheriff.



It's high time for you to

# find "yours"

You'll enjoy "yours" whether it's fulfima or some other good one.

How think you would it be?

## MISS MOLLIE'S MISTAKE

By GEORGE MUNSON.

The dashing Miss Wheeler, private secretary to President Brown, of the Fighting Corporation, had left to marry a millionaire. And little Mollie Raymond had been selected, out of a hundred and nine stenographers, to fill her place!

The dashing Miss Wheeler, with her fine airs and Paris gowns, had long been the envy of the stenographers' department.

However, Miss Wheeler must fade into obscurity, for this concerns little Mollie Raymond, of Hopeville, and her fiancé, George.

George was one of those men who are known solely by their Christian names. That is sufficient characterization of George. He was insignificant, yellow-haired, and loved Mollie devotedly. He was earning twenty-five dollars a week and was waiting to be raised to thirty before claiming the fulfillment of Mollie's promise.

It was the dashing Miss Wheeler who had first raised doubts in Mollie's mind as to the eligibility of George.

Mollie loved George sincerely, but she had been beginning to think hard since Miss Wheeler's engagement was announced. Were love and George worth a possible Hodgkins without love? And, once the president's secretary, and a visitor at Cowleigh, would not another Hodgkins loom up before her as with Miss Wheeler? If only she had clothes like the dashing Miss Wheeler!

It was this, and not her rise in the world, that made her cold to George when they next met.

It was a miserable evening. They seemed to drift further apart. Finally George blurted out:

"I know what's the matter, Mollie. Your head's been turned by that Miss Wheeler you told me about, and you don't care for me any more."

"Don't be foolish, George," answered Mollie, tartly. "I hardly ever said a word to Miss Wheeler. If you can't trust me, just because I'm getting more money than you—"

Tears followed. They led to anger. In the end Mollie flung George's ring on the table, and George put on his hat—yes, inside the room—and stalked away.

Days followed. George had neither written nor called. And Mollie, though she still loved George, began to think of him as someone whom she had known long ago—before she took the place of the dashing Miss Wheeler.

"When my new dress comes Mr. Brown will feel quite differently toward me," thought Mollie.

On the evening before she planned to emerge, like a butterfly, out of the drab cocoon of her personality, Mr. Brown was not quite so gruff. Mollie thought he was softening. She was quite happy when he actually bade her good-night.

He went into Mr. Cyrus' room adjacent. The door stood open. Mollie, putting on her hat, could not avoid overhearing the conversation that ensued.

"That's a nice, sensible little girl you picked out for me, Cyrus," said Mr. Brown. "You hit my taste to a nicety."

"I'm very glad to hear you say that, sir," replied Mr. Cyrus, modestly. "Cyrus, you are a wonder," said Mr. Brown. "A nice, quiet, sensible little girl, not a lady butterfly like Miss Wheeler. Lord, what a lot of trouble that woman gave me with her dress and airs. Unfortunately, she managed to get an introduction to Mrs. Brown through an acquaintance, so of course she had me on toast."

"It's a good thing she didn't last, sir," said Cyrus. "Quite so. Well, as I told you, I meant to get quite a different type of woman for my next adventure. A quiet, modest little country girl, who knew how to dress sensibly, instead of turning my office into a ball-room or a box at the opera house, like that creature that got poor Hodgkins."

"I think I got her, sir," said Mr. Cyrus.

"You followed my instructions absolutely," Cyrus, I said to you, 'I want a quiet, modest, plainly dressed little girl next time. And get me a plain, homely one, who isn't likely to have any admirers, and won't get married and leave me in the lurch.' And by the Lord, you found her!"

For Mollie, stung to the quick, sank into her chair and burst into an agony of silent weeping. Fortunately for her self-respect, neither Mr. Brown nor Mr. Cyrus came through the room.

After a while a very different Mollie went home. She cried all the way up in the elevator. In her room lay a package from the dressmaker. Mollie opened it and flung the contents across the room.

She would resign at once. She would humble Brown into the dust. She would—stay! What was it she had said? "A plain, homely one, who isn't likely to have any admirers, and won't get married and leave me in the lurch."

Mollie crept to the mirror. The face that looked into her own was not that of a beauty. But it was that of a very simple, honest little woman who had come to understand herself at last.

Revenge! "Who won't get married and leave me in the lurch!" Mollie went to her desk and began writing a letter. The opening words were:

"My dearest, darling George. Forgive me!"

(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)

## BURTON'S THREE B'S

By ADELAIDE MASON.

"One last toast—to the three B's!" "Which ought to mean Benton's three bad boys, I suppose?"

A jolly cafe trio, each member laughed boisterously. Their designation as "the three B's" had not been at all creditably won.

Ned Burton had recklessly given the toast. Watson Bros had echoed the sentiment. Tom Bradley was silent. He drank with the others, but there was no jolly smile on his face. As the others were about to arise and leave the table, he checked them with a mandatory gesture.

"I've something to say," explained Tom. "It won't take long: Fellows, I'm through."

"Upon my word, he's in earnest!" cried Watson.

"Turned reformer!" laughed Ned. "All right, though, I'm sick of the dull routine they call fun. What have you to suggest?"

"I'll tell you," answered Tom readily. "I've thought it all out. The other day I saw an advertisement offering a weekly newspaper for sale at a little county seat. I'm going to buy it. I've a plan to make that step the means of becoming all of us."

And then, Tom Bradley entered into a lengthy explanation.

"It looks to me like a plausible plot to steal the good will and fat offices of a commonwealth," noted Watson.

Behold, three months later, Tom Bradley installed in the position of editor and publisher of the sprightly, up-to-date Ferndale Monitor. He congratulated himself on his investment.

His success was pleasing. His brisk genial ways made friends for him on every side. Within a few weeks he had got to love his work. He felt like a new man, for early hours and temperate habits were making that of him.

The expected summons came for Ned and Watson, one day. They had missed Tom sorely. Life was becoming dull to them.

"Tom writes that he can fit us in admirably," Watson announced to Ned. "What am I expected to do?" inquired Watson.

"Take the business management of the Monitor. You are to see that it gets advertising and subscriptions. You're a good mixer. After a spell you will be eligible for a local office. Time will promote you: village clerk, mayor, legislature, congress, and so on!"

"H'm!" reflected Watson—"that isn't so bad. I'm willing to enlist."

So, one day Watson and Ned arrived in Ferndale. The latter set up an office as a lawyer. The former, incidentally, was secured as a working partner by Tom. The columns of the Monitor gave them a splendid send-off. Each week thereafter there came due publicity.

The village was isolated from rail connections. Two lines ran twenty miles apart and each ten miles from Ferndale. The Monitor began to speak of an electric line, a gas works, a new water system and other improvements.

Ned began to experience the thrill and revenue of having real clients. Watson was entranced with the variety of acting as a reporter. Work on the Monitor began to tell. One day Watson rushed into the newspaper office aflame with some new and exciting information.

"I've struck it, fellows!" he announced with a triumphant chuckle. "Struck what?" queried Ned and Tom in a breath.

"My level. My engineering ability has come to the front at last. What do you think: looking up particulars as to the fall crops, I came across a fine old place outside the town here owned by Colonel Huntington."

"I've heard of him. Sort of an aristocrat, isn't he?" questioned Ned.

"He's a fine old gentleman, with a hobby—to connect Ferndale with one of the two railroads. He tried this scheme two years ago, has the right-of-way, invested one hundred thousand dollars and stopped work because he could get no co-operation or encouragement. The minute he talked details I saw my chance."

"What to do?" asked Ned.

"Carry the scheme through for him. As a practical engineer, I think I see my way clear. And say, talking of us, 'the three B's,' what do you think?"

went on the volatile Watson. The Colonel has three daughters, and they are 'B's,' too—Bertha, Beatrice, Blanche. Fellows, I never saw such loveliness!"

Within a month Ferndale was electrified. Smart, able Watson Bros had played the two steam roads one against the other as to the proposed connection with Ferndale. He bargained so well that the Northern line agreed to pay half the construction cost.

Ferndale awoke from its lethargy. Business began to hum with the completion of the new spur, of which Watson Bros became chief engineer.

And then came a natural and happy mating. Three bright, pretty girls, three brisk, handsome young men. There was no clash. Watson took to Bertha from the first. Ned was attracted by Blanche, the moment he set eyes upon her. Watson found an agreeable companion in Beatrice.

There was a great celebration at Ferndale the day that Ned Burton was elected its mayor. It was made more than attractive by the fact that a triple wedding ran current with the event.

(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)



## Makes a Hit Every Time

Our poultry is always fat and healthy. We have Frvers, Hens and Turkeys. Our sanitary poultry yard makes it easy for us to give you a nice healthy fowl for that good dinner you are going to have.

For your convenience—  
Three Phones—14



## SHORT STORIES

## OF THE TOWN

## State Secretary Here.

F. A. Whitten, secretary of the State Retail Merchants' association, has just left after a short visit paid to Secretary Arthur Eerland of the local office.

## Fifty at Singing.

About fifty neighbors gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Buchanan last night for their usual Sunday night singing party. A good time was reported by all.

## Off to Ringlings'.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Frey and children, Francis and F. M. Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hammerly, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brownson and son Allen, Mrs. J. W. Kayser and daughter Louise and Miss Grace Chenoweth were among the Chickasha folks going to Oklahoma City to see Ringling's circus today.

### Famous Melva Sisters at Kozy

Manager Blackstone of the Kozy has another vaudeville treat for his patrons. The act is "The Melva Sisters." These little girls are champion xylophone players of the world for their ages, which are 14 and 16 years. Don't fail to hear them, as they play everything from grand opera to ragtime. Some act. No raise in prices. 8-9-21

## NOTICE.

A regular meeting of the Modern Brotherhood of America local No. 1722 will be held on Tuesday evening the 10th inst. at 8 o'clock in the new K. P. hall, in 406 block Chickasha avenue. Business of the utmost importance will be transacted. Be sure and attend. This notice is for you—Bennie Knowles, president. 8-9-21

FOR SALE—Peaches on the trees; fine canning fruit, 40 cents bushel, in the orchard. Crouch Orphan home, 2 1/2 miles west from O. C. W. 8-9-21

## EARTHQUAKE IN EUROPE.

By United Press.  
Hopenheim, Germany, Aug. 9.—Earth tremors, apparently in southern Europe, probably in Albania and Calabria, were registered by seismographs here this morning.

## SIMPSON RECEIVES COMMISSION.

Attorney Oscar Simpson of this city has just received a signal recognition of honor from the commander in chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans. It is his commission as assistant to the judge advocate in chief of the staff of S. C. V. The commission is signed by W. N. Brandon, commander in chief.

## Despondency Due to Indigestion.

"About three months ago when I was suffering from indigestion which caused headache and dizzy spells and made me feel tired and despondent, I began taking Chamberlain's Tablets," writes Mrs. Geo. Hon. Macdon, N. Y. "This medicine proved to be the very thing I needed, as one day's treatment relieved me greatly. I used two bottles of Chamberlain's Tablets and they rid me of this trouble."—Obtainable everywhere.—Adv. d&w

## =IF=

A corporation president has retired at the age of 85 having to his credit (?) the distinction of resisting all inventions of modern progress in conduct of business.

In his 44 years business he achieved a fair measure of success without the telephone, the typewriter, or the adding machine, how much greater success might his have been had he kept pace with the times?

You can "get by" keeping your money in the clock, or the bureau drawer, how much larger business success would you achieve if you banked your money, thereby systematizing your accounting, and at the same time by consistent sticking to one bank, building a line of credit enabling you to take advantage of an unexpected opportunity larger than your own funds at the moment permit.

Will be glad to have your account, if you are not now a customer.

### The Oklahoma National Bank

CHICKASHA, OKLAHOMA

Capital and Surplus - - - \$125,000.00

## The Man Behind the Gun

It's the man behind the gun who makes it formidable; and it's the men behind a Bank who makes it conservative. In all our business transactions this Bank seeks not popularity for itself, but safety for its depositors. We seek to be accommodating—we are always courteous—but the maintenance of our standards of conservatism are ever and always with us the first consideration.

—If you admire standards of conservatism, may we be favored with your business and honored by a personal call?

4 Per Cent Paid on Time Deposits

## The Farmers State Bank

Deposits Guaranteed

## A Substantial Bank

Substantial men own this bank; substantial men are its depositors; substantial men have made it what it is and will make it greater.

This bank wants YOU in the ranks of its substantial friends. It is YOUR bank in theory—make it so in practice.

## The Chickasha National Bank

T. H. DWYER, Pres.

ROY C. SMITH, Cashier.

## The Modern Garage

Only machinery equipped garage in the city. Store battery charging plant.

Full Line of Accessories.

323 Kans. and 207-11 So. 4th.

Phone 908. Phone 98 after midnight